Dialogue with the Trees

the ghost of the forest speaks

ice melts rivers run dry what comes after the glaciers north melts south burns lungs of the world gasp heart of the world

ebbs

blood from plant to sea
withers in the roots

any person's voice that echoes here

the forest emulates an orchestration a multi nature of affects a multi nature of perspectives a point of view becomes a person flesh enters the forest a lovers embrace a consummation

as well as

the phantom predator
in the shadows lurks
as its prey stalks the sky

sky wind & leaves poised to

forest and sea breathe the nature of nature a history of ice and fire stars collapse suns burn out black holes bounce super novas explode planets implode churned through the mill of existence to spawn a molecule of life an instant in infinity a quantum of eternity

echoes

as the forest of the universe
tumbles into metamorphosis
O flesh
what is the nature of nature

then O jaguar moon come

stand push pull lift press (proprioceptive) stillness stills on the jaguar moon
on the soft prowling night paw padded through the stars in your eyes
the forest's lustre glows moon mind running sleek as night upon the
shores bounding break as you leap between us through us jaguar moon
by the waters we listen to your feet on these same

same

shores where we meet open
sky fall sky open sky fall sky
in the many mingling throng

in the many mingling throng we come

time paints the sky beneath the skin we begin in the furthest star that blinks
in the heart of the forest (here) where (i) stand still with time wherever it
blows the ice age comes the ice age goes we rise we fall over with the

together with sky

we the malignant we the magnificent munificence

chorus to the mingling throng it does

they have built their concrete jungles on sand we follow led on our brain
your brain there is no final moment in the dust

thus spoke the tree

even as the planet
fades we knew you from before you
came that you cannot know us more

an outlaw's forest's beserk voices /

where is your woo(r)(l)d – va(r)nished wilderness is a truth you cannot share
the scorched desert the arctic waste we did not understand you'd been
driven back on the line our oracles do you remember them at all i'll give

i'll go now & ask for your return

to return my heart to the jaguar moon
nature is both in her entangled state
from the wilderness to the wilderness
I summon you my children's children

an oracle to the conference of persons thus spoke

you are but a semblance at flow in your blood which is your end your rot
is not as ours let us capture your semblance in our resemblance & we
will return you to the stars like the rain & the wind we bespeak we are your

underworld your overworld

you pass between us
either as a shade
or as a living breath of blood

a trace of Sapiens

O forest long ago we cut out your ancient heart & burnt it at the stake
& built a timber fort as we rafted with you across the seas & cast you down

stream to the mill

where's 'la refugia' for us
in the nooks & crannies
after the apocalypse?

a poet interrupts to ph(r)ase in

three pigeons play in the twigs of a swaying bough as if in embrace
saccades entangle time leaps time bounces

seen

from afar a solitary blackbird
waves to & fro on a high
branch extending into the sky
do not fear – but do fear
the human dart to your heart

the darkness

where i dream of you beneath my skin as my blood flows back to the forest
& the wind in the leaves breathes come in

a thousand green tongues

where each bespeaks each other at once
their death outlives our death
they do not fear death as we do but only us
here beneath our green sheen breathing

who asks in what lost presence do we really stand

downhill here in the musk wafting the silence in the fern beyond
the tolling of the bell forest fir (once oak) ravelled wintry spaces
airs hues of blue hovering mists clouds streaked grey purple as

if it will o' the wisps

a smoking mirror
riddled riddled
in the glimmerings
of shadow secrets

where hanging bowers of canopies
smashed acorns on the dirt road

don't take offense at the writ served upon them majestic monsters discoverers

across the desert dunes

branches wafting ribbons dulcet waving arms
flowing as if a Mayday opening into the game
malignant plague roams the empty streets
crying bring out your dead

our myriad ramifications

resemblances music of affinities reflect anti reflect gravitate entropy
before we began in our entangled dawn

enframed in

the language of things
in trees plants flung foliage
scattered bloom berries bracken
listening to their listening talk

the voices of death in life life in death

before you came after you're gone we remain nothing remains but remaining
breaking with it 's (breaking breaking breaking) mirage of green (out of of of of)

speak

trees majestic or monstrous
their litter of dead wood
like bones (bones strewn bones bones)
strewn ruins of the dykes
a deluge of rocks
fallen to (fallen to fallen to to to)

an overgrown tomb (out of range range range) its image left in doubt

its moment a bonfire heap of antiquity where insects scuttle forlorn
next to me stood a dog we went for a walk in the wood all the people

nodded & smiled

the world went up in flame
everybody was up in flame
next to me stood a dog
the people i met nodded

on the borderline wending you came blending

winding in down by the meer next to the fencing the fenced in
fencing down by the border line the meer next to the green the
fenced in fenced off green down by the meer who

how in less than 200 years after

our disappearance
from the world
nature would remove
all trace of human civilisation

the great wall of China a final remnant would probably be covered

in lichen & fungi with only the head of the Dragon in the sea
its back in the mountains & its tail in the desert */ i wish / i was /*

a bird & could fly / to the hill / looking at the /

unthinkable crime / so late / in the day /
quite an / indescribable crime /
against / all time /
without making / predictions /
just vaporizations / about voices /
i hear / there / here /

then showers of dust sap into evanescent waves of goodbye to tomorrow

as music flowers from pheronome clouds and day marches on stilts the ground
shrouding abundance where empathy's core

together words seeped in

incandescent landscapes
burst with abstraction viewpoints
trickling and diaphanous
to blink whilst nothingness
lingers trembling space
in the running order of chaos
an abyss of greenery

the ghost of the forest speaks

heaven reflects the surface of all things and the forest breathes
life into the ocean the forest of the sea bleeds but does not breathe
the forest of the earth breathes but does not bleed

O blood heart beat the roll of the drum the rumble of thunder

our roots veins run into earth
entangle with the mycelium
entangle but also strangle
the ocean

dialogue with the trees

we withstand the fury of the elements

spring dazzles

as if a tabula rasa

we are their catharsis their

metamorphosis even time is a wanderer that returns to the forest
we burn we freeze we drink we bleed we harvest death
& shriek aloud at it you are ours who make believe all else is mockery

experience as young

experience as old
it's not the same it's a
random number lost even to itself

everything struggles without purpose

the only purpose that exists is to share the abundance of the moment which is lost again and again which returns again and again perhaps for you there is a oneness to the moment in its abundance but it is not really so everything has its absolute limit its inexorable finitude time is only the forest there is no such thing as perfection we eat nature nature eats us praise be to the jaguar moon

the spirits of the dead are in your roots

you clone the world but what alikes
the like of an orchestration
its nature of nature
its point
of view

the meadow and the pack the owl's screech the predator and the prey

the pulse of the planet what choice what chance time swoops
arrival after its departure entangled in a moment the lichen devours
the rock the forest transforms the lichen & we summon the spin
of the planet in a swirl of galaxies to feed a star our pigmentation
paints the maps of eternity here in the core our proprioceptive presence

saccades alight

in mirages that evaporate
only to reappear hauntings in a veil of
memories beckonings and belongings

we emulate

through the seasons time's becoming time is the forest and it's wanderer therein

on this

pixel patch of existence
spring dazzles as if a tabula rasa
praise be to the jaguar moon